The Bethel News.

VOLUME VI.—NUMBER 12. BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1900. PRICE THREE CENTS.

OLD GOULD'S GREATEST DAY.

THE BLUE AND THE GOLD.

Nature enrolled herself under the Academy colors, on Thursday, the ninth of August, 1900, with her own heavenly blue and her golden sunshine: the rain-swept air and the dust-laid verdure were also at the service of the thousand happy guests who filled Bethel with good cheer upon this day of days—so long anticipated, so eagerly welcomed.



FRANK E. HANSCOM, A.M., Principal.

Never in the annals of the town has there been just such an occasion, and there never can be another that can rival this event in executive ability, fertility of invention, and, above and beyond all, in the charming unanimity and harmony of spirit which brought the whole village into the happiest focus of united effort.

The arms of the warm-hearted Alma Mater not only embraced the village, but clasped in cordial welcome her children and her friends from California to Florida, and even drew within the charmed circle of her love one of Cuba's loyal sons.

Surely "the good stars met in her horoscope" giving the best of Nature and the best of humanity on this one-never-to-be-forgotten day. The hearts of those present had but one unsatisfied wish—the earnest desire that there should not be one friend of Gould's Academy whose place was not filled, when that great enthusiastic audience met under the canvas roof-tree. For the sake of those who could not be with us in bodily presence—though their hearts were here—we send out the story of the day.

With unflinching courage the energetic committees worked through the drenching rain of the preceding day. The suggestion that we might wish an ark had been provided, instead of the great tent which rose in stately proportions upon the Common, was frowned upon as flippant, as was the suggested possibility that more than the traditional number of basketfuls could be depended upon if the deluge drowned the approaching guests. Undauntedly the young decorators, under their leaders, risked their necks on lofty ladders; dislocated their spines, and pounded their thumbs. Housewives, with set lips, turned out miracles of culinary triumphs with but one dominant thought—"Not failure, but low aim is crime." Amateur florists lived up to their aesthetic calling and prepared exquisite decorations with never an audible expression of the fear gnawing at their hearts that their creations might be bedewed with tears of disappointment on the morrow. High courage prevailed. Let what would come, Bethel was on her mettle; the day *should* be a success!

Many eyes waited upon Thursday's mood, but when that glad, generous-hearted, broad-minded, philanthropic, Gould's Academy Day sun broke through the heavy mists, this whole little mountain world rose into beatific happiness. Never was there a day, from early sunrise till the silvery moonlight added the final glory, in which largess of intention and fullness of execution in the way of weather, was more perfectly exemplified. Given the weather—Bethel did the rest!

At nine a. m., Odeon Hall stood ready to receive the coming guests—glorified beyond recognition by the clever decorating committee, in its bravery of blue and gold, the Academy colors, in the national colors, and in Nature's greens and flowers.

High above the stage in gold letters upon a blue background was a translation of the passage from the Æneid inscribed upon the beautiful bronze Warwick vase which was given Dr. Nathaniel T. True by his pupils at the Reunion of 1884. The original inscription is as follows: "Forsan et haec olim meminisse jurabit." The translation for this day of 1900 was: "Sometimes, perhaps, it may please you to remember these things." Below, on right and left, were the significant dates 1836—1900. Upon the left of the stage against a background of Maine's famous pines, stood a flower and vine bedecked easel bearing a portrait of Dr. True, strikingly like him as he looked before illness laid him low. The Warwick vase upon a tall ebony pedestal occupied the right, and the front of the stage held a white pedestal with its shaft draped by a pale blue scarf, and holding a basket of yellow flowers, thus symbolizing Gould's Academy.

In this most attractive reception room, the guests were received by the wives of the trustees, having been met at the station by a reception committee of the trustees and escorted to the hall by the Second Regiment Band of Lewiston which was in attendance during the day and evening. But it was towards the Academy that all soon turned, and the Campus soon presented a most attractive sight as we watched the meetings and greetings and looked at the quantities of pretty girls, whose summer costumes added the touch of color for which all eyes are grateful on such occasions.

The front of the Academy was handsomely decorated, and with the framework of green branches from trees planted by some who were present, and under whose shelter almost all who were present had walked and talked, laughed and wept, in old-time days, with the heavenly blue above and the golden sunshine flecking the grass, one could hardly hope for a more interesting picture.



MAJOR G. A. HASTINGS,
President of Board of Trustees.

The decorating committee had expended an immense amount of thought and ingenuity upon the interior. Every available space was filled with something of interest. A constantly shifting group was always before the long list of teachers' names, as each classmember sought his place among the years. Mottoes, clever blackboard sketches, portraits draped in class colors, were on all sides, while the handsome class banners of the school most effectively draped the walls.

The crowd surged in and out; old pupils found one another and then immediately lost themselves in personal reminiscences. There was the sound of laughter, of happy voices and general good cheer.

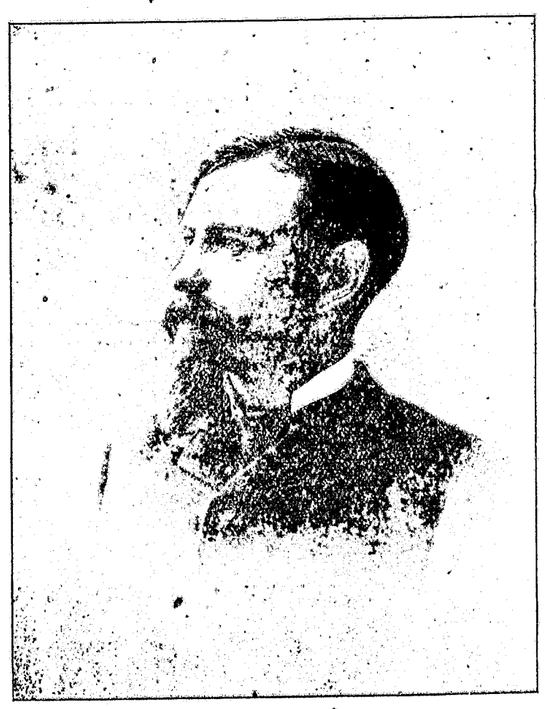
At twelve, the Academy bell clanged forth its own peculiar message to each pupil below, and a procession was quickly brought into line. And such a procession! As the first guests entered the tent, which was placed at the extreme southern end of the Common, the last pupils were leaving the Academy yard!

First came the band, then Maj. G. A. Hastings as marshall. Mr. Charles H. Hersey of Keene, N.H., the toastmaster of the day, led the procession with Mrs. Hersey. They were followed by Hon. W. W. Stetson escorting Mrs. Nathaniel True, Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Grover, Brockton, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Parris, New York city, Prin. F. E. Hanscom, Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Fernald, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen C. Chapman and Hon. Enoch Foster and wife of Portland, ex-Gov. Sidney Perham, Prof. S. A. Thurlow of Pottsville, Penn., Mrs. G. A. Hastings, Bethel, Me., Mr. G. A. Robertson of Augusta, Hon. A. S. Twitchell of Gorham, N. H., Hon. Wesley K. Woodbury of Pottsville, Penn., Mr. J. D. Merriman of New York city, Rev. Geo. M. Bodge of Dedham, Mass. The trustees and their wives followed with invited guests, and then the classes in the order of the years.

The speakers together with their wives sat at a table at the extreme southern end of the tent, looking down the long vista of beautifully decorated tables. This table was specially adorned with vines, forming festoons upon the white cloth; with bunchberries, goldenrod, and ferns, while in the centre stood a most effective arrangement of deep red hollyhocks. One significant touch among those elaborate decorations were tiny pine trees dotted up and down the long lines of tables.

The immense dinner company was seated with wonderful quickness, and an invocation was offered by Prof. M. C. Fernald of Orono, the oldest ex-principal present. His voice must have wakened many a reverent memory in those who, in youth, had heard this reverend teacher acknowledging the presence of Almighty God in the schoolroom, and who were thus taught by him to look for Divine direction in Life's ways.

Then followed the singing of one verse of Auld Lang Syne, accompanied by the band, and then the banquet! Murmurs of surprise and admiration arose on all sides, as the magnitude of Bethel's hospitality broke upon the guests. Six tables running the length of the 125 ft. of the tent, beautifully decorated and laden with delicious food. Salads, cold meats, pastries, Bethel's famous cake, puddings, pears, peaches, bananas and the highly decorative watermelon. Such an overwhelming abundance! Eight hundred people were bountifully supplied, and when last seen the distracted banquet committee were wondering if they should interview the highways and the hedges and compel people to help dispose of the still laden tables.



HON. CHARLES H. HERSEY, Toastmaster.



CAPTAIN R. B. GROVER.

Over a thousand people finally settled themselves to listen and turned their faces to that fascinating end table, where were congregated the sponsors for the intellectual feast.

Principal Frank E. Hanscom, as President of the day, rapped the vast throng into silence and, with that careful modulation of voice and distinct enunciation which make him a living illustration as a model of cultivated speech before his pupils, introduced the toast master with the following words:

The holiest, tenderest word in any language, the word which lies nearest to the human heart, is the word which represents the name of mother. That person who goes through life without the knowledge of a mother's love, without having had kindled in his breast that spark of filial affection, placed there by the Divine Hand, has missed one of the richest, sweetest blessings that can come to mortal man.

To-day, as members of one great family, you have gathered here, from near and far, to do honor to your Alma Mater,—the fostering mother that trained your youthful footsteps in the paths of knowledge. Your presence here shows how warm a corner she has occupied in your hearts during all these years of absence.

I am a firm believer in the New England Academy as a developer of that strong, sturdy manhood, that pure, noble womanhood for which the State of Maine, and especially Oxford County is celebrated the world over; and I am proud and happy to-day, as the official representative of "Old Gould's," and in behalf of this grand old town, to extend to you a cordial and heartfelt greeting. Bethel is proud of her Academy, is proud of the record which its sons and daughters have made and are still making in the world at large, and to-day her doors are open wide to bid you welcome. May the memory of this day, with all its hallowed associations, be an uplifting influence to each one of you, and may the year, 1900, mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the old Institution so dear to the hearts of us all.

It now becomes my pleasant duty to call upon a former, much-respected and much loved principal of the school to act as toastmaster on this occasion. I am happy to present to you the Hon. Charles H. Hersey of Keene, N. H.

Mr. Hersey more than fulfilled the expectation of the committee who had chosen him to fill this most difficult position, and drew the audience and the speakers into the most sympathetic relations, by his tactful introductions and careful closing of gaps. He spoke in part as follows:

Your committee knew, when they invited me to preside at this banquet, that they were conferring upon me an honor as marked as it is undeserved—an honor which I fully appreciate and for which I am deeply grateful—but they did not know how much pleasure their kind invitation was to bring me. It is a pleasure to me to grasp the hands and look into the faces of old friends, some of whom I have not seen for many years. It is a pleasure to me to see the old town where, as I look backward, I passed some very pleasant years. It is a pleasure to me to come back

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.



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BOWSER A REFORMER

THE OLD MAN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO NUISANCES.

And the Nuisances Likewise Turn Their Attention to Him, With Direful Consequences For the Man Who Would Run This Mundane Sphere.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

When Mr. Bowser arose the other morning, there was an uncertain look in his eyes—that is, Mrs. Bowser was not certain whether he was going up street to blow up the butcher or down street to blow up the tailor. He was moody and silent during breakfast, and as he made no move to leave the house after the meal Mrs. Bowser kindly inquired if he wasn't feeling well.

"I'm feeling well enough," he replied, "but I shall remain at home this forenoon. There are several little things I want to look into and straighten out, and one of them is right at the door now."

"Do you mean that fruit peddler?"

"That's exactly what I mean. I am going to find out whether a man with an old horse and a wabbly wagon has any legal right to stop in front of my house and shout and yell and shriek and howl and bawl and roar like that. Just listen to him! By the living jingo, but it's no wonder that we've had five deaths on this street within the last two weeks!"

"But you—you won't go and say anything to him!"

"Won't I!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he clapped on his hat and opened the door and hustled down the steps, while the family cat and Mrs. Bowser looked after him.

"Strawberries! Cucumbers! Bananas!" yelled the peddler at the top of his voice and with a wave of his hand and a nod of his head toward every house on the block.

"Look here, you howling idiot," began Mr. Bowser as he walked up to him, "I want to know who gave you the legal right to murder folks with your voice?"

"D'ye mean my shoutin?" asked the man in considerable astonishment.

"Of course I do! I want to know if the law gives you the right to whoop and yell and bellow and shriek and groan in order to call attention to the hog feed in your wagon. If it does, I'll see that it's changed. If it doesn't, I want you to quit."

"Say, old man," replied the peddler, with a leer, "you must have fell out of bed this mornin. I've been sellin vegetables for five years, and you are the first person I've met who wasn't charmed with my voice. Better tie a wet towel around your head and go to bed ag'in!"

"Don't give me any impudence!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "You may be licensed to cart vegetables and fruits around, but are you licensed to set a thousand people's nerves on edge by your blasted howling?"

"I'm licensed to do anything I want to, old kicker," replied the man, "and if you want to raise a row about it come on. You look one of the sort who'd take the bread out of a poor man's mouth, but if you try it on me I'll make you sorry!"

A crowd of children and pedestrians began to gather, and, realizing that he would have the worst of it, Mr. Bowser walked into the house. The peddler yelled "Cucumbers!" after him, and the children applauded, and Mrs. Bowser said:

"Don't you see you can't do anything with such men as that? They are coming along here from daylight till dark, and every one yells just like this man."

"But it's against the law, and I know it is!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he struck the wall with his fist.

"Well, there's lots of things against the law, but you can't change 'em. If the police permit these peddlers to yell and scream, they won't stop their noise for anything you say."

"Then I'll break some one's neck!"

Mr. Bowser went out and sat down on the front steps. The fruit peddler grinned at him and moved on, but it was scarcely a minute before an old clothes man turned the corner and set up his yell. He had yelled about 16 times before he reached the Bowsers' gate, and there he stopped and looked at the man on the steps and screamed out in agonized tones:

"Old clo'! Old clo'! Cash for old clo'!"

"Move on, you scoundrel!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up.

"Old clo'! Old clo'! I buy old clo' for cash!"

"By the beard of Plato, but I'll have your life if you don't move on!" exclaimed Bowser as he clattered down the steps, with a tragedy in either eye.

The old clothes man ran across the street, but no farther, and from his new position he shrieked and shouted and yelled until he had collected a crowd of half a hundred people and Mr. Bowser had been forced into the house.

"You see you can't do anything," said Mrs. Bowser.

"But I will do something!" he hotly replied. "Are all the ordinances of this city made for the benefit of such howling demons as that? Has a taxpayer and property owner no rights? If there are no laws to protect me, then I'll protect myself!"

Out he went again, and he was just in time to encounter a man who had turned in from Fourth street yelling:

"Knives to grind-o! Knives to grind-o! Bring out your knives to grind-o!"

Mr. Bowser walked down to the gate. He looked like a dangerous man, but the knife grinder was willing to take chances if he could make a nickel. He halted his grinder on wheels and uttered his yell of "Grind-o!" as if Mr. Bowser was 40 rods away. He was still hanging on to the "o" when he was seized and banged against the fence, and a voice rang in his ears:

"You infernal nuisance, shut up, or I'll break your neck!"

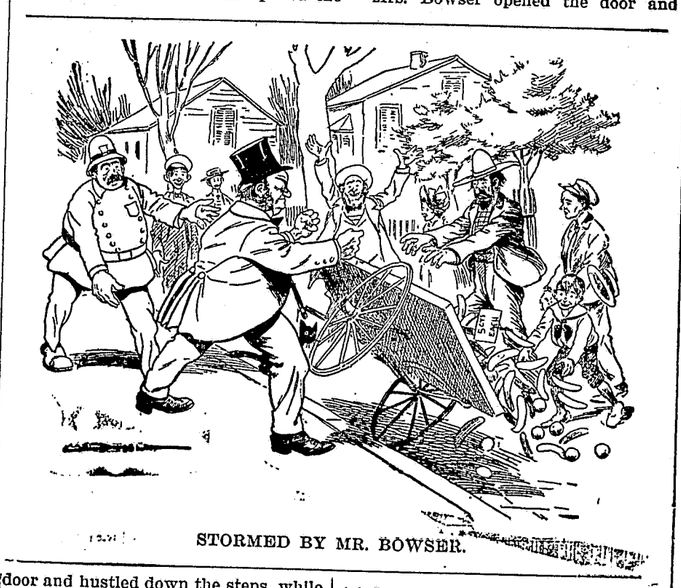
The grinder shut up. He looked into Mr. Bowser's eyes and became afraid. However, as he was released after a minute and told to move on his courage returned, and he hadn't got more than ten feet away before he turned and said:

"You knocka me and banga me, and I taka de law on you!"

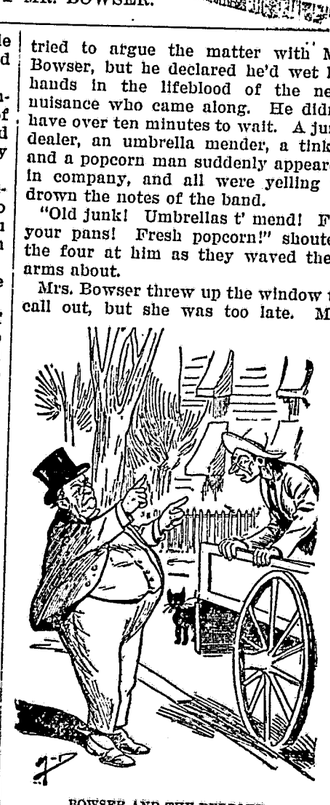
Mrs. Bowser opened the door and tried to argue the matter with Mr. Bowser, but he declared he'd wet his hands in the lifeblood of the next nuisance who came along. He didn't have over ten minutes to wait. A junk dealer, an umbrella mender, a tinker and a popcorn man suddenly appeared in company, and all were yelling to drown the notes of the band.

"Old junk! Umbrellas t' mend! Fix your pans! Fresh popcorn!" shouted the four at him as they waved their arms about.

Mrs. Bowser threw up the window to call out, but she was too late. Mr.



STORMED BY MR. BOWSER.



BOWSER AND THE PEDDLER.

Bowser had sailed in. He upset junk cart and junk dealer, he overturned popcorn cart and popcorn dealer, he filled the air with old umbrellas and tinker tools, and it was Spion Kop over again, with Mr. Bowser in place of the Boers. He met the enemy, and they were his, and in five minutes he was in possession of the field of battle. He was cheered by the crowd which gathered, and a dozen overenthusiastic taxpayers insisted on a speech. A man had arisen who had taken up the cudgel for reform, and they wanted to know his policy toward firecrackers, baseball and kiteflying. Mr. Bowser backed up against the gate and might have given them an outline, but before he could collect his oratory a fat policeman burst through the crowd and seized him and said:

"You old ruffian! But you want to get up a riot and disturb half the town, do you? Come along with me!"

Mr. Bowser was walked to the police court and left in the "pen" till the judge was ready to hear his case and say:

"You may be a citizen and a taxpayer and a reformist, but you have no right to break loose and take the law into your own hands. I fine you $20, sir, and if you are brought here before me again on the same charge I shall feel it my duty to put you where you can do no more harm for the next six months!"

"Didn't I tell you how it would end?" asked Mrs. Bowser when he got home.

But he said no word in reply. He realized that if he even opened his mouth he would drop dead. M. QUAD.

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A Good Child

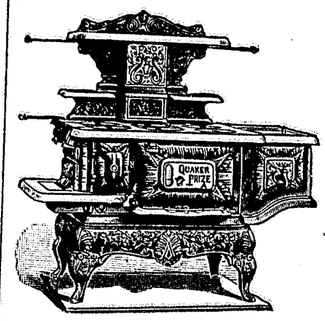
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You know what our paper is, and the Farm Journal is a gem—practical, progressive—a clean, honest, useful paper—full of gumption, full of sunshine, with an immense circulation among the best people everywhere. You ought to take it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Rugs For the Dining Room—A New Device For Cleaning Knives—What to Have For Luncheon.

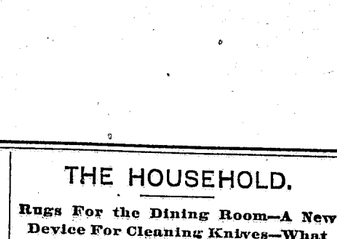
Every dining room should have its rug. The quality of this rug must, however, vary with the purchasing power of the individual. Two things ought to be remembered: The rug must not be so thin that it rolls up with every chair that is drawn across it nor so thick that no chair can be drawn at all. The rug may be laid over a bare floor, a carpet, a filling or a matting.

Rugs made of pieces of carpeting, with a border, are never possible in really beautiful dining rooms and are only to be considered when questions of economy have to enter in. It must not be understood by this that these rugs are in bad taste, but simply that they are a confession of weakness, as it were, of the necessity of using something which a salesman sometimes tells you, "though cheaper, is exactly as good as the other." Rugs of every kind are manufactured today.

The housekeeper has only to take the dimensions of her room, state what price she can afford to pay and then choose the best that comes within the range. Rugs ought always to be lower in color key than the rest of the room or they seem to jump up at you and make a most unpleasant effect.

Knife Cleaner.

The devices introduced to supersede the old fashioned application of ashes and water, with a liberal amount of elbow grease, for the cleaning of knives have assumed many novel forms. One recent device consists of two parts—a knife handle holder in which the handle is grasped between two rubber lined jaws, provision being



HOW THE CLEANER WORKS.

made for handles of different sizes, as, for instance, table and dessert knives and carvers, and a cleaning device resembling two razor strops hinged together at the ends. These cleaners consist of pads mounted on wood and covered with canvas. In operation some emery or other polishing powder is applied to the cleaner, which is then closed and pulled backward and forward over the blade. The knife holder, it should be added, is rigidly attached to the table or shelf.

What to Have For Luncheon.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to decide what to have for luncheon in warm weather as well as in cold. For one thing, says The Housekeeper, it doesn't so much matter what is served at that meal when the men of the family are away. For another thing, there are more appetizing luncheon dishes within easy reach than there are desirable dishes for the more difficult dinner or the most difficult breakfast. That first meal of the day is a veritable stumbling block of doubt in the housekeeper's mind. One must eat in spite of the fact that most things seem too heavy for the morning meal these days. The healthiest persons, the fact remains, are they who scorn the solace of a mere roll and a cup of coffee and demand a reasonably hearty meal upon which to begin the day. Advice about what to serve should properly begin with that not to serve. Avoid heavy meats, such as beefsteak and fried ham, for the breakfast table with the utmost care, and so far your breakfast will be a success.

The "Little Yellow Doctor."

It is at this season that the "little yellow doctor," as the head of a large sanitarium aptly dubs the lemon, finds abundant appreciation by young and old alike. No summer drink is more wholesome or refreshing than plain lemonade made of the pure juice of the fruit and served ice cold to the accompaniment of the clink of ice against the glass. An old Virginia cook whose lemonade was pronounced perfection always allowed a tablespoonful of sugar and a cupful of boiling water to the juice of each lemon. A few bits of the yellow yellow rind were usually steeped in just water enough to cover and added to the big pitcher which held the cooling drink. Sometimes, yielding to the prayers of the children, pink lemonade showed its color in the glass, a result obtained by adding a little currant or raspberry juice.

An Ingenious Arrangement.

An ingenious arrangement of peacock feathers has been applied lately to a piano back screen. The ends of the feathers are cut off and lapped over one another, so as to represent the plumage of the bird's breast. All the greens are cut away, and the bronze colored parts of the feathers only are left, so that a rich iridescent effect is produced. The feathers are sewed on a soft stuff material, so as not to lie too flat and even. With the green parts of the feathers one or two butterflies are made and fastened loosely on the bronze ground. The bottom fringe is made of the long thin parts of the feather, near its root, and are fastened on the screen as an ordinary silk fringe.

To Remove Wine Stains.

When wine of any sort is spilled on a tablecloth or napkin, it can be prevented from staining by covering the part immediately with salt. The chlorine contained in the salt acts as a bleaching powder.

The Joy of Letting Things Alone.

The joy of letting things alone is not widely appreciated by human beings. They want to put their impress on other beings, and, indeed, to "humanize" Nature in her every aspect. The interference is bad enough when we waste our woods, foul our rivers and spoil our scenery, but it is most lamentable when it takes the form of a love for bloodshed. Hunting is held as one of the manliest and most improving of exercises and recreations. So well-grounded is the faith in man's right to slay what, when and where he will, that laws for the preservation of our animals—we still say "our" animals, though they will none of us—are a matter almost of our own generation.

It is maintained that we have a right to kill such animals as we need for food. Are one-tenth of those who fall under the bullet of the gunner needed for that purpose? Of the millions of song birds that have been tumbled from the trees, in the last few years, fluttering, bleeding, broken upon the earth, was a single one killed for the satisfaction of a human appetite? Not one. Of the beaver, mink, otter, marmot and other little creatures that have been swept away by thousands, were any eaten? Surely not. And when game is killed for food, is temperance exercised by the butchers? Seldom. Most of us have seen in sporting papers and magazines photographic pictures of men standing proudly beside the carcasses of as many as twenty deer, killed in a single hunt, or inflating themselves over a dozen buffalo, such as used to roam the plains by millions, but which in recent estimates now number only four hundred in all America. We have seen pictures representing these men smiling upon baskets and bunches of rabbits and birds—more victims than a family could eat in a month.

Even among the animals that work for us, that live with us, how seldom is any other care exhibited than is necessary for the continuing of that work! We kick our dogs, we beat our horses, we put our cattle, sheep and poultry into draughty, leaky barns and sheds; we turn our cats out of doors. We look on them as being apart, born without rights, born without feeling, born without the loves we feel for mates and offspring—hence, to be used despitefully. It is all because of that old, false belief that the earth was made for man. It was made for every creature upon it; it was made for the trees and grass that take happiness in the air and light. If it were for us alone it would be a sad world indeed, to judge from the way we can misuse it.

These small people are like ourselves in body and brain and way of life. If we have evolved to a higher form and more command, are we too selfish to share our advantages, too indifferent to help those others that we say have fallen behind in the race of life? If so, we have not reached the end of our evolution, for there is still a base and cruel strain that needs to be refined away.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Cow Comfort.

The man who at this season of the year provides some kind of shelter from the sun for his cows is going to receive a big interest on his investment, says Hoard's Dairyman. A cow to return a profit from the feed she consumes must be comfortable, and comfort is not found where the animal is required to stand under a blazing sun or hunting for a few mouthfuls of dried grass over a drought stricken 40 acre pasture. Butter is a slippery article, and it slips away easily and quickly when its factory is required to spend three-fourths of the time fighting flies. A cow will appreciate shelter on a hot day as much as, if not more than, a man. Cool water and a corner sheltered from the sun, together with a breeze to keep the flies away, will go as far toward filling the milk pail as heat, flies, poor water and dried up pasture will produce the opposite. Costly shelter is not necessary, but some old boards and straw, together with a few hours' work, will go far in producing cow comfort.

PARSONS PILLS

will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find sure relief from using them

To Cure Sick Headache

and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians everywhere, as the best Liver Pill made. Sixty-four page book sent free by mail. Sold by all Druggists, or sent post-paid for 25 cents in stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them—Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELSIE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

Hillside Comforts.

Half hidden by the pines and young oaks on what has been known for years as the "Baker pasture" has recently sprung up a most comfortable summer house, having "all the comforts of home," with the telephone, spring water, balsamic virtues from the wood, etc. It was built by Dr. J. C. Gallison to afford him rest and quiet from the problems and noises of the town, where he could rest and recreate, doffing the cares and thoughts of recent experiences in the Great General Court, to say nothing of the less exciting episodes connected with the selectman's council chamber.

The house is pleasantly situated with a refreshing, southern outlook, with broad frontage to the road, left purposely by its owner in its natural state, lest art destroy the rough simplicity of nature.

The house combines an architectual conglomerate, with its broad Italian chimney, its pleasant Swiss chalet verandas, its thoroughly Yankee interior with strict regard to the utilization of space and the conveniences of summer life. A broad fireplace in which hangs an ancient swinging crane, with iron tongs, shovel, etc., and a pair of bellows which had the honor to belong to the grandmother of the illustrious Horace Mann, takes one back to colonial days, while the kero-ene three burner upon which the daily meals are cooked, is thoroughly "up to date." Sleeping rooms abound, that is, there is a bed anywhere and everywhere, on the veranda, under the eaves, and in the alcoves.

The exterior is boarded and then clapboarded with pine and chestnut slabs, from which the bark has not been removed, giving the house a distinctively rustic appearance. Wire and mosquito netting protect the inmates from unwelcome intruders, and make the verandas and rooms comfortably habitable at all times. The Italian chimney, built both by Italians and upon Italian lines, is decidedly artistic, though somewhat hidden from view, being upon the north side of the house. At the gate stands two immense posts, twelve feet high, of cobble, and broken stone, the words "Villa Gallison" appearing upon them.

The doctor and his family spend their nights there, and he is pleased to find that the place has the flavor of sylvan life with the conveniences of town life, so that each day it is easy for him to pick up the thread of professional and civic duties without loss of time. It is already proving a panacea for some of the difficulties with which the doctor has been wrestling. Therefore it is a success.—Franklin, Mass. Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.:

Gentlemen:—Our family realize so much the use of GRAIN-O that I feel I must say a word to induce others to use it. If people are interested in their health and the welfare of their children they will use no other beverage. I have used them all, but GRAIN-O I have found superior to any, for the reason that it is solid grain.

Yours for health,
C. F. MYERS.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Argument For Economy.



Petty Officer (to the awkward squad on shipboard)—It wouldn't do to let you fellows go ashore. It would be enough to defeat the naval appropriation bill!—Jugend.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life. *

An Exiled Belle.

"Is your daughter Pamela having a good time in the country?"

"No; she says she hates it; it scuffs her shoes out so."—Detroit Free Press.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease a powder for the feet. It cools the feet and makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Smarting, Hot, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. Allen's Foot-Ease relieves all pain and gives rest and comfort. We have over 30,000 testimonials. It cures while you walk. Try it *to-day*. All druggists and shoe stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 4w10

Ice Cream Soda Pleasantry.

Attendant—What sirup will you take, sir?

Thirsty Patron—Well, gimme any flavor so 'tain't aniline dye.—Chicago Record.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought

Almost as Good as a Big Dog.

A boy in the family always comes in handy when the pie left over isn't enough to save.—Atchison Globe.

We Want 300 Men

In each town in Maine to use Morrison's English Liniment. This liniment will not raise the dead nor make the blind see, but it will soften and grow a horse's foot quicker and better than any other remedy ever placed before the public. It is an actual cure for all diseases of the feet, and is equally as good for sore back and shoulders, sprains, contracted cords, cuts, swellings and wounds of all kinds. Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents and $1.00 Your money back if not satisfied.

For sale by G. R. Wiley and J. A. Thurston, Bethel; W. F. Bisbee, Newry; Chas. Chase, Upton.

A Serious Drawback.

"I should like to be a part of the cream of society."

"Oh, you can't help [illegible]."—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought

Eight Hundred Thousand

Sufferers From Kidney Trouble Cured This Year by

Dr David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Sample Bottle Free.

Thousands who have written for one of the free trial bottles of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy have literally had their lives saved by a postal card. They got the trial bottle, and it proved to them that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was the only real cure for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation and the sicknesses peculiar to women. They bought a large sized bottle of their druggists and it benefited or cured them (*the above is not an idle statement, but the result of careful investigation*).

You can do the same thing. If you are in doubt as to whether you have trouble with your Kidneys or Bladder, put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment, or a milky, cloudy appearance, if it is ropy or stringy, pale or discolored, you should lose no time in taking Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; it can be had of all druggists at $1.00 a large bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. It is without question the surest medicine of the age to put a stop to such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, a frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, scalding burning pain in passing water, inability to hold urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer.

Send your full name and address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and be sure to mention this paper when a trial bottle, with pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be mailed to you absolutely free. The publishers of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this liberal offer.

Aeration and Cooling.

Makers of milk who have not yet learned the value of aeration and cooling are lacking in fundamental education of their calling, says The Breeder's Gazette. Cleanliness, aeration and cooling will do much to preserve milk pure and sweet during the hot weather approaching and do away with the temptation to use preservatives. Creamerymen are especially interested in spreading the knowledge of the benefits to be derived from the use of the simple cooling apparatuses on the market, as the success of their summer output depends on the condition of the milk when delivered to them.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c. 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 328a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



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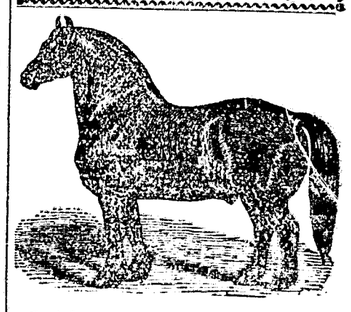
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I wish to say to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I have opened a Sale Stable at my place in Bethel, and will keep a large stock of horses, weighing from 1000 to 1600 each, constantly on hand. If you need a good horse, come to me and I will please you. 4

L. U. BARTLETT,

BETHEL, - - MAINE.

Broken Bric-a-Bracs.

Mr. Major, the famous cement man, of New York, exhibits some very interesting facts about Major's Cement.

The multitudes who use this standard article know that it is many hundred per cent. better than other cements for which similar claims are made, but a great many do not know why. The simple reason is that Mr. Major uses the best materials ever discovered and other manufacturers do not use them because they are too expensive and do not allow large profits. Mr. Major tells us that one of the elements of his cement costs $3.75 per pound and another costs $2.65 a gallon, while a large share of the so-called cements and liquid glue upon the market are nothing more than sixteen cent glue dissolved in water or citric acid, and in some cases altered slightly in color and odor by the addition of cheap and useless materials.

Major's cement retails at fifteen cents and twenty-five cents a bottle, and when a dealer tries to sell a substitute you can depend upon it that his only object is to make larger profit. The profit on Major's cement is as much as any dealer ought to make on any cement. And this is doubly true in view of the fact that each dealer gets his share of the benefit of Mr. Major's advertising, which now amounts to over $5000 a month, throughout the country. Established in 1876.

Insist on having Major's. Don't accept any off-hand advice from a druggist. If you are at all handy (and you will be likely to find that you are a good deal more so than you imagine) you can repair your rubber boots and family shoes, and any other rubber or leather articles with Major's Rubber Cement and Major's Leather Cement. And you will be surprised at how many dollars a year you will thus save.

If your druggist can't supply you, it will be forwarded by mail; either kind. Free of postage. July1 1yr

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

25 PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Bethel News

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If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1900.

Subscribe for your home paper.

All roads led to the city of Portland, last week.

Are you interested in a fund for Gould's Academy?

Good bye, old friends, we hope to see you at our next reunion.

If Thursday, that ideal Bethel day, sandwiched in between a drenching rain and a drizzily dog day, wasn't made for Gould's Academy, what was it made for?

Would you not like to know how that Gould's Academy Fund comes out? If so, keep in touch with the columns of the NEWS, and they will tell you.

Many of Bethel's sons and daughters, who came home to attend the Reunion, left their subscriptions to the Bethel NEWS, that henceforth, they may hear from home once each week. Did you?

"Old Home Week" has been an unqualified success, and thousands of people from all over our country have visited their old homes during the past week. Thousands of homes have been made glad and thousands of hearts have leaped for joy.

What makes Bethel what it is? Why has Bethel so many loyal sons and daughters? Why has Bethel sent so many young men and young women to college, who, in after years, have gone out into the world and done honor to the old Pine Tree State? Is it not because her educational standard has been high? Is it not because an institution has been maintained within her borders that has fitted these young men and women to enter college? Can you not count scores of such young people who never would have entered college had it not been possible for them to get their preparation at home? If these things be true, and we all admit that they are, do we not owe to that institution all that we are to-day, and all that we hope to be in the future? In the light of these facts, let us not only preserve our beloved Academy, but let us place it upon a foundation that shall be as eternal as the hills which encircle it, and the future of Bethel will not only record the noble deeds of her past children but it shall glitter with the glorious achievements of generations yet to come.

Littlefield, Aug. 21.

Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, representative to Congress from the Second District, will speak in Odeon Hall, Bethel, Tuesday evening, Aug. 21, at 8 o'clock. There had been some question about the date, but Aug. 21 has finally been given to Bethel. An effort will be made to arrange for special transportation over the G. T. R. from Gilead and West Paris, inclusive, and if such arrangement is made the fact can be learned at the different stations.

REPUBLICAN TOWN COMMITTEE.

A Card of Thanks.

We desire to give expression to our deep and heartfelt gratitude to all the friends whose sympathy and help have been so full and generous in our bereavement.

Taking the many kind and tender words that have been written and spoken, and the abundance and magnificence of the flowers given, as indicating the esteem in which our dear one was held, we are very much comforted to know that she held such a warm place in so many hearts.

ARTHUR VARLEY.
MR. AND MRS. B. W. BROWN AND FAMILY.

OLD GOULD'S GREATEST DAY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

without the responsibilities of a teacher, and this pleasure is doubled, as I think that you are glad that I come, if at all, in some other capacity.

It is a pleasant thing I do to bring my greeting to the old Academy; seated here among her ancient hills, almost as steadfast as they—in this fair town with its elm-shaded streets, its fair river and its verdant and far stretching meadows—"beatuiful for situation, on the sides of the north"—the place of beautiful summer and of New England winter—how many men and women look back to her with affection and, present or absent, think of her today and unite with me in my greeting—and, had I nothing to do, it would be a pleasure to me to join in the ceremonies held in honor of "Old Gould's"—the staunch old foundation which stands as a monument to the love which our forefathers had for education and to their belief in its benefits.

It is often said that our common school system is the corner stone of our institutions and this is true in this that it prepared a people by culture and by knowledge not only to build up these institutions, but to love them and maintain them afterward.

But the academy was an advance from the common school and marks a trait in the New England character of which we have always been proud—that is to say—we were not satisfied to stay where we were. In this, as in everything else, some progress must be made and the New England academy was the direct result. It was the spirit of the New England Oliver Twist demanding more.

Now, you will probably hear about this and much more besides, to-day. I only want to say that if ever education and mental culture were necessary to the American citizen—if ever it was necessary to foster them and the places where they are disseminated—if it was ever necessary and profitable to honor and stand by our places of learning—it is now. By them we have become a great and powerful people, but we have opened our gates to the immigration of other peoples not so advanced or so blest as we, people, strange to our education and our institutions. They have poured in upon us, have increased and multiplied, mingled with our native population and spread over our great West, until the red blood of the old New England culture has become thin and diluted. There is scarcely enough leaven to leaven the lump.

In the determination of the great questions continually recurring, we cannot depend as confidently as we used upon the cultivated intelligence of the whole people. We have always been accustomed to say that when the American got at a question at the polls, it would be settled rightly. We are not now quite so confident as we used to be. Fallacies in finance and in theories of government have become altogether too widespread and too widely held for absolute comfort.

Now, I did not mean to take your time, but I come back to my original statement that we never more needed the trained intelligence which our schools give our boys and girls—and so it is a pleasure to me to come here and assist at the glorification of Gould's Academy—one of our seats of learning.

Notwithstanding that all these things are very pleasant to me, yet it is with the greatest diffidence that I stand before you. It is more than a quarter of a century since my connection with Gould's Academy. It is difficult for me to realize it, but it is a fact, and, in this re-union of the alumni and alumnae of the Academy, the old students and the old teachers—the later students and teachers are here brought together, and by this time I am one of the old ones, and we are in the minority and decidedly so, and I feel, I imagine, like an Egyptian mummy dug up and revisiting the glimpses of the moon; and belonging to another generation. I hardly know how to speak before you of the present. You look upon us as of the ancients,—we scarcely feel ourselves so as yet, and yet, I suppose it is true, the years have crept upon us and gone by us, perhaps unheeded, but they have gone just the same, and there are few of us when we stop to think, but realize the truth and the meaning of the old ballad;

"For Age with steling step,
Hath clawed me with his clutch,
And lusty Youth away he leapes,
As there had been none such.
My lustes they do me leave,
My fansies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.
Lo here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stouping Age away shall pull
What youthful yeres did sow"

You have come from far and near to hear of each other and the Academy,—to tell old tales—not all of them—and review its useful substantial past, to congratulate yourselves upon its prosperous present and to look forward to a still more brilliant and helpful future. It is not for me to prophecy of that future for which, with you, I hope,—to speak of the present in which, with you, I rejoice, or to join in, or add to your pleasant reminiscences which, with you, I shall enjoy. Other arrangements have been made for all this, and I should ill requite your kindness if I should take the time allotted to others, for you did not come here to hear me, yet the minor part assigned to me is not without its importance; for all these pleasant things about to come, you must depend on me. Like Glendower, I shall "call spirits from the vasty deep,"—the spirits of wit and elequence to instruct and amuse you, for all these gentlemen are full of the day and its object. You informed us in your circular invitation that this banquet was to be followed by "a feast of reason"—it is here and I would have you know that the lad has more than "five barley loaves and two small fishes" and you shall be fed,—and of the fragments the BETHEL NEWS will undoubtedly take up more than twelve basketfuls.

And now comes a hopeless task! How can we ever give the readers of the NEWS an idea of the cleverness of the short speeches that followed, and the effect produced. Some occult power was certainly at work for never was an audience more entranced. For four hours, upon an August day, with the thermometer antagonistic to every starched collar present, those speakers held the absorbed attention of their hearers. The audience itself, on the other hand, must have been an inspiring force, for our best speakers never spoke better, and those less well-known, afterward confessed that the sight of rapt, attentive faces lifted them from the thought prepared, into a fresher vein of feeling, so that, discarding notes, they spoke from the spirit of the hour.

Whether it was Mr. Stetson's eloquent strength or Mr. Chapman's reminiscences of fine characters in fine families; or Judge Foster's well-known "rounded periods" in which he interwove touching personal tributes and convulsingly funny stories; or Prof. Thurlow's delightful way of saying things; or Dr. Fernald's strong suggestive train of thought; or Mr. Bodge's merry allusions, with the old-time twinkle in his eye; or Hon. A. S. Twitchell's earnest and tender words; or Gustavus' stentorian revivals of old injuries in the famous U. B. Society; or Mr. Merriman's graceful expressions of interest in the scene of his former labors; or Wesley Woodbury's lovable loyalty in thought, word, and, later on, deed; or even ex-Gov. Perham's modest withdrawal from the list—the audience was "en rapport" with all, and laughed and cried, grew reverent, tender, earnest or mirthful as it was played upon by the magical influence of the orators' voices.

Close beside the toastmaster, sat a man beside his lovely wife, one whose name stands as a synonym for financial success, and better than that for broad-minded, warm-hearted philanthropy. Something unexpectedly good and generous seems to surround him with a mental atmosphere like a halo of light, and hope and courage come with a grasp of his hand. When in the midst of the speeches he introduced an innovation, the whole audience responded to the influence of a strong and generous nature.

He suddenly presented himself in the role of a stock financier, offering for sale blocks of stock in Gould's Academy's future at fifty dollars a year for a term of ten years. Giving the audience time to catch its breath, he gallantly led the van by taking the first block himself. The generous ardor of his words touched hearts and opened purse-strings. The loyal sons and daughters of the institution, proud of her past and eager to ensure a more prosperous and glorious future, enthusiastically rallied to her support. The stock found a ready market, blocks, half-blocks, quarter-blocks, etc., were readily disposed of, and when no more bids for stock were received, and contributions in cash were called for, the gifts came in in hundreds, fifties, twenty-fives, tens, fives and twos,—the last just as valuable a gift to the spirit of the occasion as were the larger sums,— while waves of applause and cheers welcomed each addition.

When Capt. Robbins Grover,—for none but "Rob" could have filled this role, gave as the result of his efforts the sum of over $5000 as the nucleus of a fund to ensure a prosperous future for "Old Gould's," the great alumni throng felt their hearts grow strong and brave knowing that other hearts, later on, will feel the pathos of this appeal for help for this noble old Academy, and will recognize this call as from the One who gives His children the privilege of being the instruments by which His will becomes accomplished on earth.

The throng reluctantly received its dismissal, and with "America" ringing in hearts and through voices, dispersed, to meet again at Odeon Hall at eight p. m.

At nine o'clock, Odeon Hall was taxed to its utmost as a reception salon. Maj. Hastings, President of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. Hanscom, the Principal of Gould's Acaeemy, received the guests at the door, and there all formality ended. Never upon a warm August night was there a merrier, happier, more enthusiastic meeting of old friends, and oh! the pretty girls?

Bethel belles are well-known as examples of what the old State can produce in grace and loveliness, and that night there were reinforcements from far and near. There were toilets, too, and all that goes to make up a brilliant and effective reception. There was, withal, a strange sense of kinship. People who are usually reserved, threw open their life histories; told of their successes; their fortunes, their failures, even; talked of their wives, of husbands, and, of course, of their children. In the sudden pauses of music, we caught fragments of conversation:

"Six months old, and two teeth already!"

"Yes, we went west, and oh, how *flat* it did seem after Bethel."

"That is my third daughter, the one in pink."

"Lost every cent I'd made, and ten years after was twice as well off."

"Knew me the moment you saw me? *So* sorry. I'd supposed I was vastly improved."

"Yes, he was our only son; his place in our lives can never be filled."

And the kaleidoscopic throng combined and re-combined, all feeling bonds tighten and love

CONTINUE ON PAGE FIVE.

JARDINIERE STANDS.

The styles in these fetching stands come from the Turk, the Orient and from schools suggested by the periods of Renaissance.

They are simple or elaborate as you prefer and present to mind a number of uses that form their most attractive feature.

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BLEACHED DAMASK, 50, 75, 80 cts., and $1.00.

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TOWELS, equally as good for the money, at 25 cts. each.

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Boys' Outing Bals. rubber sole,	were 65c, now 50c
Youth's Outing Bals. rubber sole,	were 60c, now 50c
Men's Outing Oxfords, rubber sole,	were 50c, now 40c
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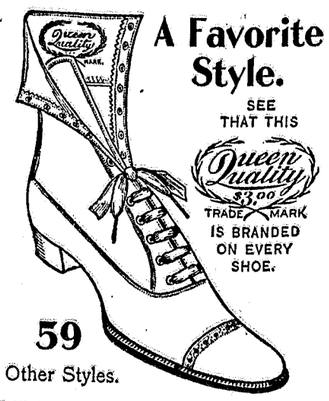
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A Perfect Walking Boot

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OLD GOULD'S GREATEST DAY.

deepen as the hours brought us more and more into the old familiar ways of thought, speech, and expression. Hardly a face but held something of its youth in its eyes. "The child *is* father of the man!"

One guest attracted much attention as he is one of the famous band of Cuban teachers at Harvard, and twenty-two years ago was a student at Old Gould's, as was an elder brother years before. Now he proposes to send his son from Cuba to Bethel to be educated. What if the old educational connection between Bethel and Havana, which was in force in Dr. True's day, should be resumed?

Most gentlemanly, refined, and studious were the young Cuban students of those days. Their memories will be an "open sesame" for the young men they may choose to send among us in the homes where they were loved and are unforgotten.

There was a trace of sadness as the throng drifted away into the moonlight night, never again to reassemble under the same conditions, but the power of a future lies in a little group who, in a corner of the crowded room, under Judge Foster's legal wing, quietly organized an embryo Alumni Association, by electing temporary officers. From this organization we may confidently expect much that will be for the future benefit of the Academy and the town.

The Reunion of 1900 is now a thing of the past, but there are reunions of the Alumni of Old Gould's to be inaugurated for the future. It is not an extravagance to prophesy that the time will come, when, instead of a once honored building falling into the dilapidation of disuse; instead of a village humiliated by the decay of its educational life; desolated by the loss of its ambitious youth who will seek educational advantages elsewhere; impoverished by the absence of families of wealth and refinement who cannot permanently remain where they cannot educate their children—instead of these conditions, which will surely follow unless the financial needs of the institution are promptly and generously provided for we have it in our united power to realize the reverse of this sad resume, and to make Bethel, truly, "a city set upon a hill" from whose heights the light of higher education, burning clear and bright, will draw towards its borders the aspiring youth of the land. The future of Bethel is identical with the future of Gould's Academy; together they will rise or fall.

The ball is set in motion that will secure an assured future of progress for town and school. Great forces, seen and unseen, will hasten its impetus and add to its magnitude. "Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm," said our wisest American prophet, and to the cause of saving Gould's Academy, its friends—and it has no enemies—enthusiastically pledge themselves.

The Reunion of 1900 has done its noble work!

Gould's Academy Fund.

The following is the list of contributors, together with the total amount pledged to date:

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Making a total of..... $5642 00

The lists are still open, and it is believed that all who are interested in the future of "Old Gould's" will respond to the call, and will add their contributions, great or small, to swell this fund. A little help from each of the many friends, far and near, will mean far more for the future of the school than if said help all came from one individual. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together," and the future of Gould's Academy is secure. Contributions will be acknowledged and the increase in the fund noted in these columns from time to time.

Letters From Absent Friends.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 6, 1900.

FRANK E. HANSCOM, Principal,
Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me.

Dear Sir:—I had laid all my plans to be present at the Reunion of the students of Gould's Academy on the 9th. It would be difficult for me to express to you the pleasure I anticipated at that Reunion, but circumstances beyond my control have prevented me from realizing that great pleasure or revisiting, at this time, the scenes of my boyhood education, and seeing some of my old friends whose image I carry so fondly in my memory. I wanted to sit down at the banquet and hear the story, not only of the old Academy during these years that I have been absent from it, but to hear the story of those who have wrought out much of their life-work, and who were some of them my companions as students in Gould's Academy. I would have been glad to tell much of the story of my own life, and how much I am indebted to Gould's Academy and especially to Dr. N. T. True, his family, and Miss Merrill who was preceptress in the Academy when I was a student. Great, big-hearted, wise Dr. True, who had the largest possible sympathy with boys and girls who were his students and trying to make the best of the gifts which God bestowed upon them. With a mind all-comprehensive in the study of Nature, and a heart that always beat in the right place, I remember his words of encouragement and of wisdom which came into my forming days and made my life certainly full in these later years of blessed memory.

I wanted to come and tell the younger generations what an influence and what a power the life of a great teacher is. I should have certainly alluded to the kindly words which such a teacher as Miss Merrill said to me, and have tried to give to her, if she is living, the tribute due to her as friend and teacher. There is no such a meeting as the reunion of old schoolmates. Verily, the words of Longfellow come true in such reunions, "You cannot buy with gold the old associations." Then, I knew that if I could come to Bethel, at this reunion I should meet men who in their boyhood and girlhood were my pupils. I cannot tell you how great is my disappointment in not being able to come. I long to see their faces, to shake their hands, to have them tell me what they have done, what they are doing, and whether they think life is worth living or not. To me it has always been a luxury to live. I never saw the place where I did not find friends, teachers, wise and considerate companions. There is every reason in the world why I should be present, but it is ordered otherwise. In the great march of business life with which I have been associated, there is a campaign going on which I cannot leave, some of my trusted lieutenants are away, and there is no one to take their place except myself, so I must remain with my hand still on the tiller to see that the ship goes not out of her course.

I wanted to tell you and the students under you, who go in and out by the gate that leads from the Common into the Academy, that I planted the Elm that stands on the left-hand side close by the gate, nearly fifty years ago, and that I brought it on my shoulders from the bordering woods, knowing full well that a tree on the border was more likely to live than one which grew in the forest, when transplanted. I knew another thing, that the elm is a lover of water, a hard drinker, and that where that tree now stands there was almost always a puddle of water standing, so I chose that as the site of my tree, my elm, and every time I have been in Bethel, which is only two or three times since I was a student there, I have gone down under that tree and marked its size and its growth and I have taken great pride in it. I have been planting trees all my life since I planted that elm in the campus of Bethel Academy. If I have done nothing else in life, I have certainly provided fine shade for many a person, and I think it a great privilege as well as a charming duty to plant trees. May I ask you and any of the friends who knew me when I was a boy and a young man, to stop underneath that elm and say "This is the Holden Elm." That would please me. May I ask you to remember me in all kindliness to the widow of Dr. True and to his daughters whenever you see them.

It has been my good fortune all my life to live in beautiful places. I was born up in Oxford County, I prepared for college at Bethel, as you all know, one of the most charming of all the beautiful towns in New England. I spent two years in Waterville College and the next two of my college life at the University of Michigan, and went thence to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where I was professor in Rhetoric and English Literature, living in one of the most charming towns of all the western country. I came to Cleveland, and here I have made my home on the shores of Lake Erie, and certainly I know no more charming spot in all the earth than that in which I live and call my home. I feel indebted to Dr. True for teaching me to love the beautiful in Nature, to be a student in natural science, and to see the great laws that have made the world so useful and so beautiful. I almost feel as I write this letter to you, and recall the days of my boyhood in Bethel, the lines of Geothe in the introduction to Faust "Give me back my youth, give me back the days when I was forming."

Need I tell you how much I regret that I cannot be present at this Reunion, and so I close with a benediction for all the sons and daughters, teachers and friends of Gould's Academy.

Truly yours,
L. E. HOLDEN.

Cape Elizabeth, Me., Aug. 3, 1900.

MISS ANNIE M. FRYE,
Secy. Reunion Committee,
Gould's Academy.

The invitation to the Reunion and Banquet at Bethel, Aug. 9, which was sent to my address at Newark, N. J., has just reached me here.

I would that I could be present and participate; no one thing in "Old Home Week" appeals to me like this Reunion, as some of the brightest and most cherished memories and association of my life are connected with dear old Dr. True and Gould's Academy, and the girls and boys that congregated there and made life spicy and interesting along in the fifties or thereabouts; but physically, I am not equal to the fatigue and excitement incident to the journey and the occasion, and therefore I am forced to decline with sincere regrets.

The BETHEL NEWS was put into my hands yesterday by a former pupil of the Academy, Mrs. Oliver C. Gould *nee* Chapman, and a host of memories were awakened as I perused the notice of the Christmas Festival for Dec. 25, 1855. How it came about I do not recall, but I was the "Santa Claus" on that occasion, and I fancy that I was rather a doleful representative of the jolly soul, and I am confirmed in this opinion as I recall the closing paragraph in my little talk to the children, "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The sentiment was all right, though a trifle heavy, and solemn for children, but I do not know as I could make a better selection now. We had a good time, and it was, as far as results are concerned, an immense success.

Of the four students that left the Academy in the summer of 1856 and entered Bowdoin College, the writer alone remains—Harlan Page Brown of Bethel, studious, sincere, and with a purpose in life, fell at Antietam—1862. Philantherus Cleveland Wiley also of Bethel, whole-souled, vigorous and manly, his heart in his chosen profession, came to an early and sudden death in devotion to his calling. Seth C. Farrington, a prince of good fellows at old Gould's and at college, who gave promise of a brilliant life, has passed from all knowledge of his friends, and is supposed to have died years ago somewhere in the far West.

These three were noble specimens of large and vigorous manhood, seemingly with vitality enough for a century, but they are gone, and others too of that time have joined the "great majority," yettheir names sound homelike and familiar after all these years: Sul. Green, John Walker, John Twitchell, Dr. Gordon, Dolly Barker, Adeltha Twitchell, Angie Chapman, Nellie Conner and Mary Barker. Ah, me, a royal company! Sometimes it seems but yesterday that they were speaking, and then again it seems ages ago, and one falls into a retrospective mood, reviewing the intervening years, and finds that he belongs to antiquity. Yielding to the inevitable; I acknowledge that I belong to a past generation, as if, if I may paraphrase Dr. Holmes,

"As if I had lived to be
The last leaf upon the tree."

The pupils of Gould's Academy are a long line of goodly men and women that have gone out into all the world, and have wrought for knowledge, humanity and righteousness.

I trust that many of the sons and daughters of the Academy will be present to grace the occasion on the 9th. I venture to felicitate the Committee in advance on a highly enjoyable and successful Reunion.

Very Respectfully and Cordially,
ADELBERT B. TWITCHELL.

Windsor, N. C., July 14, 1900.

My dear Miss Frye:— Your invitation to be present at a re-union of "the children of old Gould's" gave me much pleasure. The feeling that I was thus remembered and honored by her students after the lapse of nearly half a century deeply touched me, vividly bringing to my mind many happy memories of my student life at the dear old Academy. The light-hearted, happy students of my day are now the aged grandparents of the present generation, or have passed beyond the boundaries of time, where, with the grand old man who, for so many years guided their thoughts, chided their waywardness, encouraged their virtues, and directed their aspirations, they wait to greet their fellow-students in that glorious, happy re-union for all time.

Amid all the memories of my school life at old Gould's, the grand, central figure around which all others cling, is that of the loved preceptor, the venerable doctor, the wise counsellor, the associate and friend of the youth under his charge. Of all the noted sons of Maine, there is no name in all its bright galaxy that will longer continue to be felt in shaping its destinies than that of Dr. N. T. True of Gould's Academy.

It was my good fortune to board at the home of Mr. Alfred Twitchell, and to have as room-mates Wm. B. Lapham and Cyrus Hamlin, each of whom added an illustrious page to the history of the State, and left a record extending beyond its borders. "Cy" Hamlin, as he was familiarly known, laid his young life on the altar of his country, having won the star of a general. Dr. "Bill" served with distinction during the entire war. He became famous as an editor and historian, an honor to his Alma Mater, his native town and State.

I regret very much that I am not able to be with you on Aug. 9. I assure you it would give me great pleasure to meet my old school-mates, their children and grand-children, to renew old friendships and form new. Every hamlet, mountain and stream in the county of Oxford has a place in my memory, and there is nothing connected with Bethel that is not dear to me.

You will kindly remember me to all my old friends, and say to all connected with Gould's Academy that, as an alumnus, my love and best wishes will ever be for my Alma Mater.

Very cordially yours,
STEPHEN BARTLETT KENEY.



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Notice.

All persons are hereby cautioned against negotiating or having anything to do with one promissory note dated June, 1894, at Grafton, given by Julian H. Farrar to L. M. Blanchard, on two years' time, for the value of $60, with credit of two partial payments, said note having been stolen by one James Sheriffs, and payment is hereby stopped on said note.

10w3 L. M. BLANCHARD.

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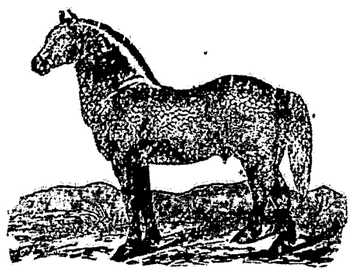
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JONAS EDWARDS,
AUBURN, - MAINE.
TELEPHONE CALL. 54-3.
Call and see us. Correspondence solicited.
P. S. I will pay a fair price for some good big work horses.

CALL AT
R. E. L. FARWELL'S,
and see what you can find that is
good to eat.
If you don't see what you want, ask for

ATTENDED THE REUNION

A Partial List of Those Who Attended the Reunion, as Picked Up by the News Reporter.

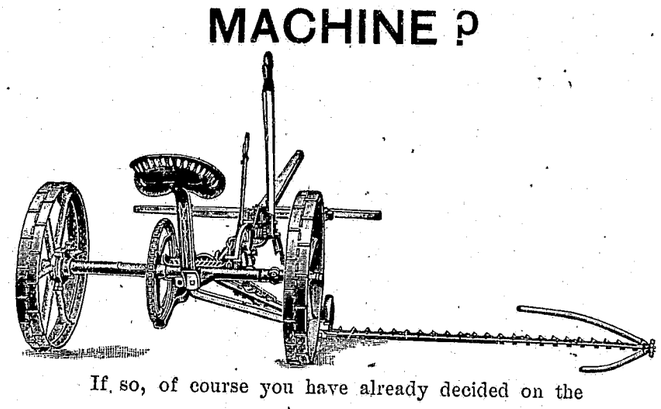
Hon. Charles H. Hersey, a former principal, Keene, N. H.
Hon. W. W. Stetson, State Supt. of Schools, Auburn.
Mr. G. A. Robertson, Augusta.
Judge Enoch Foster and wife, Portland.
Hon. Sidney Perham, Paris.
Mr. Cullen C. Chapman and wife, Portland.
Capt. R. B. Grover and wife, Brockton, Mass.
Prof. Stephen A. Taurlow, a former principal, Pottsville, Penn.
Rev. G. M. Bodge, a former principal, Dedham, Mass.
Gen. A. S. Twitchell, Gorham, N. H.
Mr. Charles K. Fox and wife, Haverhill, Mass.
Prof. and Mrs. M. C. Fernald, Orono.
Wesley K. Woodbury, Esq., Pottsville, Penn.
J. D. Merriman, Esq., a former principal, New York city.
Miss Merriman, a former teacher, Litchfield.
Prof. E. H. Pratt, a former assistant principal, Pishon's Ferry.
Mr. Arthur Forbes of the Oxford Democrat, Paris.
Mr. J. K. Chase, Norway, representing the Boston Globe.
Miss Lydia R. Smith, a former teacher, Wayne.
Mr. F. F. Favor, Dedham, Mass.
Mr. Casper Capen, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.
Mr. Robert Foster, Portland.
Mr. Moses C. Foster, Waterville.
Mrs. W. E. Skillings, son and daughter, Boston.
Mr. A. L. Burbank and wife, Portland.
Mrs. Frances Chapman Twitchell Portland.
Mr. A. T. Rowe and wife, Boston.
Mr. Leonard Grover, Stonington, Conn.
Mr. Wm. L. Grover, Harrison.
Mr. Morton L. Burbank, New York city.
Miss Imogene Burnham, Boston.
Mr. Virgil P. Burnham, Gilead.
Mr. Chas. A. Burnham, Berlin, N. H.
Mr. Virgil L. Wilson and wife, Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs. Arthur Lary, Jersey City, N. J.
Mrs. Grace Lary, son and daughter, Gilead.
Mr. Harlan Clough, Gorham, N. H.
Mr. Lee Clough, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. Mary Nevens, Boston.
Miss Emma L. Clough, Lynn, Mass.
Miss Lucy E. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Katie Locke Abbott, Denver, Colo.
Mr. Horace Annas and wife, Cumberland Mills.
Mr. L. L. Mason and wife, Portland.
Miss S. Abbott, So. Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. Minnie Harding Manny, Newcastle, New Brunswick.
Mr. Jesse Libby, Esq., and wife, Gorham, N. H.
Mr. C. C. Gerrish, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. Angelia Whitman Sullivan, Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Dora Whitman, Clinton.
Dr. Oscoe Whitman, wife and child, Lewiston.
Mr. Mellen Whitman, wife and child, Worcester, Mass.
Mr. Leroy Whitman, Worcester, ter, Mass.
Mr. Elden Whitman, Everett, Mass.
Mr. Edward Lyon, Auburn.
Miss May J. Foster, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Persis Foster, Newry.
Mr. Bert Brown, Rumford Falls.
Mr. Harry Carter, Berlin, N. H.
Mr. Howard Wiley, Roxbury, Mass.
Mrs. Chas. Fiske, Logansport, Indiana.
Miss M. M. Burnham, Lynn.
Mr. S. L. Holt and wife, Boston.
Dr. F. I. Brown and wife, South Portland.
Mr. Moses Ingalls and daughter, Mrs. Raymond, and child, Chicago.
Mrs. Carrie Twitchell Pierce and daughter, Chicago.
Mr. James Brackett, Peaks Island.
Mr. Alpheus Ballard, Upton.
Mrs. Ada Foster Philbrook, Waterville.
Mrs. Ellen Brown Green, Waterford.
Miss Etta Howe, Hanover.
Mr. J. C. Saunders, wife and son, Hanover.
Miss Ann Rowe, Hanover.
Mr. Geo. Briggs and wife, Albany.
Miss Sarah Cummings, Worcester, Mass.
Miss Mary Cummings, Massachusetts.
Mr. S. A. Wheeler and wife, Massachusetts.
Miss Annie Ostrander, Boston.
Mr. Geo. F. Russell and wife, Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. Nellie Mason Durgin, Mechonic Falls.
Mr. L. B. Chapman, Woodfords.
Mr. Leon Walker, Oxford.
Mr. Merritt B. Gay, Casco.
Miss Mildred Stanton, Mechanic Falls.
Miss Mattie Jordan, Locke Mills.
Miss Fannie Brown, Chicago.
Mr. D. R. Hastings and wife, Auburn.
Mr. M. A. Hastings and wife, Lancaster, N. H.
Miss Nellie R. Bean, Berlin.
Mrs. A. H. Witham, Denmark.
Mrs. Ida Maines Brown, Mason.
Mrs. May Hastings Howe, Waltham, Mass.
Dr. B. F. Bradbury and wife, Norway.
Mr. J. L. Wilson and wife, Berlin Mills, N. H.
Mrs. B. L. Bryant, Bangor.
Mr. John P. True and wife, Waban, Mass.
Miss Carolyn Harrington, Cleveland, O.
Mr. Alpheus Powers and wife, Hanover.
Miss Lillian Grover, Brockton, Mass.
Miss Alice Mason, Berlin, H. H.
Mr. Arthur Barker and wife, Washington, D. C.
Mr. Chas. H. Kilborn and wife, New York city.
Mr. Robert Smith and wife, Portland.
Mr. George Wight and wife, Lancaster, Mass.
Mr. J. Hastings Bean and wife, So. Paris.
Mr. C. H. Lane and wife, West Paris.
Mr. Thos. Adams, Gorham, N.H.
Mrs. Agnes Mason Fernald, Pittsburg, Pa.
Mr. Benj. Carter and wife, Montclair, New Jersey.
Mr. J. Herbert Carter and daughter Alice, Framingham, Mass.
Dr. Freeman E. Small, Portland.
Mr. James Packard, Monmouth.
Prof. Nathan C. Grover and wife, Orono.
Mrs. Emma Evans Vernon, Gorham, N. H.
Rev. C. L. D. Yonkers and wife, Boston.
Mr. Geo. Tubbs, Norway.
Mr. Mark Elliott and sister, Rumford.
Miss Helen Staples, Hanover.
Mr. J. B. Roberts, Hanover.
Mr. Harold Hastings, Boston.
Mr. Wm. Henry Pearson, Milton.
Mr. Jose Bonau, Baez, Cuba.
Mr. Jos. T. Chapman, Berlin, N.H.
Mr. John Howe, Rumford.
Mr. E. L. Parris, New York city.
Mr. E. E. Chapman and wife, South Paris.
Mr. Walter Lawrence, Rumford Falls.
Mrs. A. R. Haynes, Auburn.
Mr. C. V. Martin, Auburn.
Mrs. L. M. Goodwin and son, Auburn.
Mr. C. H. Sloan, wife and daughter, Shelton, Conn.
Mr. G. L. Sloan, wife and daughter, Brockton, Mass.
Mr. W. S. Sloan, wife and daughter, Norway.
Dr. N. J. Gehring, Cleveland, O.
Mrs. Geo. Cummings, Norway.
Miss Edith O. Grover, Portland.
Mr. C. H. Hastings and wife, Chicago.
Miss Hattie F. Flint, Portland.
Mrs. Caroline Kimball Blanchard, Rumford.
Miss Luna E. Abbott, Rumford.
Miss Hattie A. Caldwell, Braintree, Mass.
Mr. Ernest S. Wood, Randolph, N. H.
Mr. Edmund Clark, New York city.
Mrs. Ruby Merrill Chapman, Woodfords.
Mr. Van B. Grover, Halifax, Mass.
Miss Elvira Holt, Boston.
Mr. H. Q. Twitchell, Berlin, N.H.
Mrs. Eugenia Littlehale Cole, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. Minnie A. Stearns, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. Angie Swan Parlin, South Framingham, Mass.
Mr. Fred I. Farwell, Somerville, Mass.
Miss Estella Folsom, Mechanic Falls.
Miss Nellie Hayes, Oxford.
Mr. Justin B. Mason, Buckfield.
Miss Bertha R. Fox, Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. Nellie Edwards Phipps, Milan, N. H.
Mr. Harry E. Mason, Portland.
Miss Inglis, Middletown, Conn.
Mrs. Celeste C. Hamlin, Berlin, N. H.
Miss Irene M. Foster, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. Stella Packard Mower, Auburn.
Mr. D. R. Hastings and wife, Auburn.
Mr. Edwin R. Perham, Somerville, Mass.
Miss Annah H. Perham, Somerville, Mass.
Miss Bertha A. Perham, Somerville, Mass.
Mr. Robt. H. Billings and wife, Boston.
Mr. J. W. Farnum, Marlboro, Mass.
Mr. M. S. Davis, West Paris.
Mr. F. E. Donahue and wife, Berlin Falls, N. H.
Mrs. Lizzie S. Watson, Shelburne, N. H.
Mr. E. M. Cross, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. M. A. Brown, Hastings, Me.
Miss Felicia H. Barker, Auburndale, Mass.
Miss Maria Barker, Auburndale, Mass.
Mrs. Mary E. Howe, Waltham, Mass.
Mrs. Agnes Howe, Waltham, Mass.
Miss Alice M. Pratt, Gorham, N.H.
Mrs. Lucilla Swan Twitchell, Berlin, N. H.
Mrs. Esther Ellingwood, Stark, N. H.
Mrs. S. L. Hawley, Mechanic Falls.
Mrs. Sarah A. McKenney, Abington, Mass.
Mr. W. R. Wood, Portland.
Mr. Ephriam Wight, Reading, Mass.
Mr. E. M. Walker, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Bartlett Avery, Woodfords.
Mrs. Eva Keith Green, M.D., Boston.
Mr. D. E. Edwards and wife, Fort Fairfield.
Mr. R. S. Smith, Portland.
Miss Addie R. Brightman, Waterville.
Mr. A. C. Farwell and son, York Beach.
Mr. S. F. Stearns, Norway.
Mrs. True E. Estes, Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. Kate Merrill Dresser,
Miss E. Belle Dutton, Norway.
Mr. A. K. Towne, Gilead.
Mrs. E. L. Hutchinson, Bridgewater, Mass.
Mrs. Adelaide Mason Greenleaf, Portland.
Mrs. Abner West, Norfolk, Va.
Mr. Archer L. Grover, Orono.
Miss Annie Maddocks, Skowhegan.
Dr. H. W. Johnson, a former principal, Berlin, N. H.
Miss Nellie Johnson, Berlin, N.H.

Best for the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements. costs you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations. 4

SCROFULA
thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold.
SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

In the vicinity of Rome
"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME"
In Oxford County "All roads lead to
RUMFORD FALLS.
Remember this when in need of anything in
HOUSE
Furnishings
Furniture, Carpets, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Portieres, Pictures, Bedding, Mirrors, Crockery, Glassware, Wooden and Tinware.
Also special attention given to all kinds of
UPHOLSTERING & PICTURE FRAMING
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Complete House Furnisher
97 & 99 CONGRESS ST.
RUMFORD FALLS, MAINE.

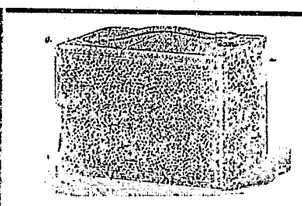
ARE YOU THINKING OF BUYING A NEW
* MOWING *
MACHINE ?



If so, of course you have already decided on the
Chain GEAR Buckeye
The New York Champion and Yankee Rakes
Seldom Equalled, Never Excelled.
Bullard Hay Tedders,
also Scythes, Snaths, Stones, Pitchforks, Rakes, in short everything in the line of haying tools at
Hastings Bros.

Fine Confectionery,
Cold Soda, : Ice Cream,
Cigars and Tobacco.

Toilet Articles,
Books,
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Magazines,
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Etc., Etc.



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Eastman Kodaks,
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Photographic Supplies.

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Wiley's Drug Store.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.
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No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.
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All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
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All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
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All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
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Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful halftones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.
The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The
FARM JOURNAL
Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,—quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.
Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.
Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.
WILMER ATKINSON, CHAS. F. JENKINS.
Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA



A little light work should not make a woman's back ache—

And it wouldn't if the kidneys were right.

Sick kidneys are to blame for three-fourths of the pain and misery in this world.

If all the kidneys in the world could be made strong and healthful, backache would disappear like magic.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Are making well kidneys just as fast as people let them. They never fail. Have cured thousands of men and women.

Read this testimony of their merit.

Mrs. J. F. Jencks, of 532 Bank street, wife of the foreman at the Brown Carriage Co., New London, Ct., says:

"It took five or six boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills to radically cure me of backache, in the winter of 1896, and all I can add to the statement I gave at that time for publication in our New London papers is, the cure then effected has been permanent. I as conscientiously and as emphatically endorse Doan's Kidney Pills to-day as I did when they were first brought to my notice over three years ago. My advice to anyone suffering from either weakened or over-excited kidneys is to procure Doan's Kidney Pills at a drug store, take a course of the treatment, and the results promised will inevitably follow."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SUMMER TIME

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Island Pond,	1.50	5.55	1.18
Gorham,	3.31	8.25	3.03
Gilead,	3.51	8.47	3.21
West Bethel,	4.04	8.58	3.31
BETHEL,	**4.12**	**9.08**	**3.39**
Locke's Mills,	4.20	9.16	3.48
Bryant Pond,	4.27	9.23	3.55
South Paris,	4.54	9.50	4.20
Portland,	6.40	11.30	5.45

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Portland,	3.30	1.30	8.15
South Paris,	10.15	3.38	9.50
Bryant Pond,	10.45	4.18	10.22
Locke's Mills,	10.53	4.27	10.31
BETHEL,	**11.04**	**4.38**	**10.41**
West Bethel,	11.11	4.46	10.47
Gilead,	11.23	4.59	10.58
Gorham,	11.50	5.42	11.24
Island Pond,	1.50	8.00	1.18

The train which leaves Island Pond at 1.50 A. M., and the one which leaves Portland at 3.30 P. M., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.

Sunday Excursion.

Portland to Berlin. Leave Bethel 11:10 a. m., arrive in Berlin 12:15 m. Leave Berlin 4 p. m., arrive in Bethel 5:07. Round trip fare from Bethel 45c.



My Mamma gives me BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF, For Coughs, Colds, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Croup, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc.

I THINK IT IS REAL NICE TO TAKE.

Prepared by NORWAY MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me.

CALLING

CARDS 1900

The new popular designs are now ready at our office.

We have the very latest types for fashionable cards, invitations, etc.

THE NEWS PRINT, BETHEL.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nerve distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 600,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50 guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

STOP SMOKING!

FLY 30 YARDS! Send 25c. in silver or stamps and we will send you by mail, nicely packed in box, a miniature FLYING MACHINE, our Aerial Top, guaranteed to fly 30 yards. Any child can work it. M. & M. NOVELTY CO., 20 Baxter Building, Portland, Maine.

TOWNS AROUND.

RUMFORD POINT.

Jacob H. Elliott of Minneapolis, Minn., is visiting his old home at John E. Elliott's.

Mr. F. S. Delano who has been seriously ill since the 20th of July, is slowly improving.

Miss Jennie M. Abbott of Concord, N. H., is spending a few weeks at Dr. Abbott's. She is now staying a few days with Mrs. Virgil Abbott, at East Rumford.

Capt. H. S. Hayes, Dr. Baker, his son-in-law and wife, and Dr. Baker's brother, wife and two children of New York city, N, Y., have arrived at the Rawson Mansion.

Mrs. Harriet D. Colby of Wapello, Iowa, is visiting her relatives and friends during "Old Home Week," also Mrs. Flora R. I. Patch of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Harriet W. Caldwell of Braintree, Mass., Mrs. Mary E. Ackerman of Haverhill, Mass., R. A. Martin of Chelsea, Mass., Wm. Phinney of Haverhill, Mass.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

On account of the rain the school children's street parade and *fetecham petre* did not materialize, which was a great disappointment to all.

Charles L. Simpson with his wagon beautifully decorated with evergreen and flags, conveyed a party of twenty-one of our village people, to the Rumford Centenial.

We noticed among the aged people Capt. Joshua Thompson Hall, born Oct. 5, 1805; Maj. William Andrews, born Aug. 1, 1815; Jonathan Adams Bartlett, born Aug. 18, 1817; all veterans of the Aroostook War.

The literary exercises were sandwiched with patriotic and sentimental songs, vocalized by a grand chorus from Rumford Falls, accompanied by the Rumford Falls Brass Band with C. A. Mixer, general director.

At high noon dinner was served in the big tent to three thousand people, more or less. While the feasting was still progressing, we observed a gentleman elevated on a sideboard or improvised platform performing divers brachial gyrations and spasmodic masticating as if a foul bit or bit of fowl *haesit in faucibus*—and as we could hear no articulate sound we were not a little alarmed. It was impossible at first to draw a line of demarcation between the gastronomic and literary scene.

After the noisy ones departed, we drew nearer to the stage and enjoyed one of the richest oratorical treats from our school superintendent, Mr. Payson Smith, Aretas E. Stearns, Esq., and the Honorables George D. Bisbee and John P. Swasey. The Rev. George B. Hannaford gave a history of the first churches in town, and our veteran mill man and octogenarian, Chaplin Virgin, gave a brief history of the first mills, closing his remarks with an original poem.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Ed Braley is visiting at Orrington York's.

Rev. Mr. Congdon and wife were guests at J. F. Eames' last Friday.

Pearl Bartlett has finished work for C. B. Foster and returned to Bethel.

Elmer Trask and Joseph Spinney are cutting birch for Andrew Jackson.

The Gould's Academy Reunion brought many welcome visitors to this place among whom were Prof. N. C. Grover and wife, Orono; A. H. Williamson and wife, Norway; E. E. Chapman and wife, So. Paris; Mrs. Will Williamson of Conway, N. H.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mellen Dustin went to Berlin, N. H., last Saturday.

Mr. Lovett is staying a few days at the home of B. W. Kimball.

Mrs. Fannie Carter of Paris Hill, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Wiley.

Benjamin Carter and wife from New Jersey, came to the Gould Academy Reunion, and then visited a few days at A. M. Carter's.

Rev. George Green of Lawrence, Mass., is visiting at the home of Tapley Kimball. Mr. Green supplied this church while a student at Newton.

SOUTH PARIS.

Quite hot weather last week.

A few Old Home Week visitors.

Mrs. E. D. Miller of Portland, visited friends in town, last Sunday.

Mrs. William Abbott and Miss Mae Beeman of Waterville, visited friends and relatives in town, last week.

Mr. William Hillier, who has spent the past year in Boston, is taking a vacation with his parents in this place.

Co. D. 1st Reg. N. G. S. M., went to the annual State encampment at Augusta, last Saturday, where they will remain a week.

A large number of our citizens went to Buckfield last Saturday to witness the celebration of Old Home Week, in that village.

Mr. Charles Hersey of this town, is running the sheet music business on a large scale. He has a large assortment of "the latest" come every month, which he sells for one-half of the marked price.

Mr. J. F. Howland of Boston, the owner of the Mountain View stock farm of this vicinity, has engaged Mr. Emery Mason to take charge of the property. This is due to the resignation of Mr. Frank Starbird, the former manager.

The political parties of this locality are beginning to get into line for the coming election. The Prohibitionists had a rally in Maxim's hall Saturday evening, while the Republicans organized a McKinley Club in the Engine house hall.

The local Shotgun Club of this town, met as usual on the Brett lot last Saturday evening. The 20 rounds were fired by each member, 17 of which Mr. Emery Mason was successful on, while Charles Brett, the second best, failed on all but 16.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Geo. Stearns is at home from his work in Chatham.

Fred Chapman is sick and unable to do any work at present.

Eliza Mason is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. S. Skillings at Portland.

"Old Home Week" brought glad meetings and sad partings; among those who were guests at Seth Mason's some time during the week were Levi Bean, Bethel; Mrs. Carolyn Witham, Portland; Mrs. George Boothman, Woodsville, N. H.; Justus Mason, Buckfield; W. S. Wight, Portland; J. C. Richardson, Gorham, N. H.; Fuller Ellingwood and wife, Caribou, and many callers besides.

DENTAL NOTICE--Artificial Teeth.

The great purchase of 1000 sets of White's & Justies' best teeth by Dr. E. Bailey, Dentist, Lewiston, has made a sensation. These teeth are fresh from the factory with all the latest moulds and shades.

For quick returns I have decided to make any patient a set for the low price of $5.00, on the best Rubber plates. 25 years experience in fitting the most difficult cases will insure you a set of the best teeth made.

Very truly,
Dr. E. BAILEY, DENTIST,
Journal Block, Lewiston, Maine.

WEST LOVELL.

Edwin Sands is down from Chatham for a few days.

Fred Smith and party left Smith & Hutchins' camp last Monday.

Flint Allard is home from Chatham, where he has been with Mr. Clay.

Quite a number from this place went to Portland the 7th on the excursion.

John Fox and wife went to Rumford Falls with their son Guy and two grandchildren, Earl and Leora Fox.

Mrs. Nathaniel Fox has been entertaining her cousin, Jonathan Andrews and family from Berlin, N. H.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

GRAFTON.

Will Otis has gone to Cupsuptic to work.

Mertie Brooks is working at C. T. Parker's.

Bert Pratt has returned from Woodstock.

Fred Eames and wife of Newry are visiting at O. W. Brooks'.

John Hewey and wife were in Rumford last week.

Mrs. H. C. Philbrook and son have gone to Locke Mills.

C. S. Farrar and wife are visiting his mother, Mrs. A. W. Farrar.

Mrs. Flint and daughter Lora of Magalloway were at G. A. Otis', recently.

C. T. Parker and wife were made happy, last week, by the arrival of a boy weighing 11½ pounds.

Willard Pratt and sister, Mrs. Oren Jenkins, attended the Grange meeting at Errol, N. H., last Saturday afternoon.

Ora Little and John Keene of Harrison stayed at S. W. Pratt's, last week while on their way to Millsfield, N. H.

James Brown is home for a few days' visit before going to Millsfield, N. H., where he will survey for the International Paper Co.

George Deering and wife are staying at S. W. Pratt's. The friends of Mrs. Deering are sorry to know that her health has been poor for some time.

MEN OF MARK.

It is not unusual for the Duke of Westminster's charity bill to amount to £20,000 a year.

Lord Chief Justice Russell of England is said always to have a bet on every important sporting event.

Joseph Chamberlain's monocle is not a fad, but a necessity, with him. He has worn one since boyhood.

Hugh J. McGowan, the Indianapolis millionaire, has been a farmer, street car driver, cabman and police sergeant.

John L. Sullivan has a score of scrapbooks full of clippings made in the days when he was the champion pugilist.

Senator Wolcott of Colorado wears the fanciest shirts in the senate. They are of all colors and of a bewildering variety of design.

Governor Roosevelt detests jewelry of all kinds and never wears any except a plain gold seal ring on which are engraved his family arms.

Potter Palmer was born a Quaker farmer in New York state and grew up to early manhood as a keeper of horses and cattle and a tiller of the soil.

Henry Clews finds amusement in working out the most difficult chess problems. He is an expert at this and generally spends his leisure evenings at the chessboard.

Senator Kyle has the strongest bass voice that is heard on the floor of the senate. He always speaks clearly and resonantly. Each word is audible in all the galleries.

Charles Dietrich, the "gas king" of New York, is very fond of fresh flowers and has a large basket of them put in his private office every morning at a cost of from $20 to $50.

Richard Mansfield started in life in London as a painter. He had poor luck, however, and often used to spend his meal hours outside of restaurant windows instead of behind them.

President McKinley is a very rapid reader, and, although his duties leave him but little time for light reading, when he does have an opportunity to indulge in that he reads a book at one sitting.

Tom L. Johnson, the millionaire single tax enthusiast, made his start in life as an office boy in the old Central passenger railway office of Louisville, Ky. He was one of the first men in this country to see the value of street railways.

Director of the Census Merriam's love for horses is well known, but few are aware that he was the first to oppose the theory that swift horses could not be raised in the extreme northern states and to prove what he maintained by actual practice.

Benjamin White, a broker of San Francisco, owns what he claims to be the stub of the pencil with which Lincoln rewrote his Gettysburg speech on an envelope aboard the train bearing him to the battlefield. The pencil was borrowed from and later returned to Mr. White's father, who was with the presidential party.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store. *

THE NEW YORK WORLD. THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

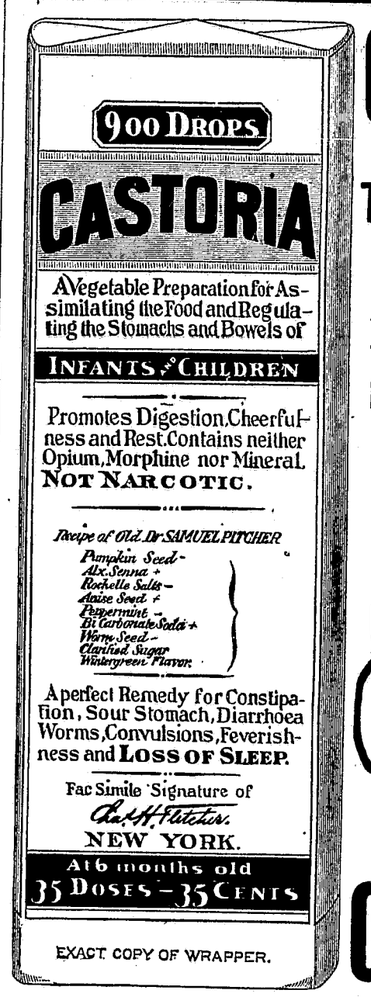
AS GOOD TO YOU AS A DAILY AND YOU GET IT AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

It furnishes more at the price than any other newspaper published in America. Its news service covers all the globe and is equalled by that of few dailies. Its reports from the Boer war have not been excelled in thoroughness and promptness, and with the presidential campaign now in progress it will be invaluable. Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact makes it of especial value to you at this time.

If you want to watch every move of the great political campaign take the Thrice-a-Week World. If you want to keep your eye on the Trusts—and they need watching—take the Thrice-a-Week World. If you want to know all the foreign developments, take the Thrice-a-Week World.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the BETHEL NEWS together one year for $1.90.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.25.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Merritt Welch,

Dry and Fancy Goods.

SPRING OPENING OF LADIES' SUITS AND JACKETS

CHEVIOT SUITS—black and colored.

COVERT CLOTH SUITS—black and colored.

CHEVIOT JACKETS—black and colored.

KERSEY JACKETS—black and colored.

Merritt Welch,

NORWAY, ME.

William Tell

is the name of our new brand of flour. We want you to try it—we are sure that it will please you. We have several other brands of

FLOUR

in our stock that are good, and give satisfactory results to our customers.

IRA C. JORDAN

Read What the Press Says ABOUT THE Watchspring Corse.

NEW YORK TIMES.—"It can be made pliant in any part; the springs can be removed, and will not break like the bones in other corsets."

NEW YORK SUN.—"The most famous and best constructed corset."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—"They can be positively guaranteed as not breaking over the hips."

EVENING TELEGRAM.—"They are graceful, fit perfect, durable, and yield to every motion of the body."

MAIL AND EXPRESS.—"It should be the ambition of every woman who desires to combine durability with fit to add one to her wardrobe."

NEW YORK WORLD.—"No such corset was ever before offered to the fair sex."

FOR SALE BY

G. P. BEAN.

THE NEWS

New Wants, To Let, For Sale, Lost, Found and similar advertisements will be found on page 7.
Business Cards on page 6.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1900

Garland Chapel's Annual Fair.

Once more the Ladies' Club announces to its friends and to the charming strangers within the city gates that it will hold its annual day and evening Fair and entertainment from one till 10:30 p. m. on Thursday, August 16th.

There will be that fascinating fancy-table with so much upon it that appeals to the feminine mind. The wise woman quietly appropriates from this table in August, if she is of the "fore-handed" type, what she triumphantly brings out in the rush and hurry of Christmas week, for, be it known, appropriate Christmas gifts are a special feature of this Fair.

That sensible, practical apron, bag and holder table! Many a hurried house-wife has blessed its existence! Then those blessed children at their table, who sit in watchful dignity behind the work of those patient little fingers. These philanthropic buds and budlets of society: who can resist those appealing eyes?

And the candy table! Bethel's home-made candy has nearly ruined Huyler's business!! You will not wonder when you see temptation spread before you.

The supper, served at 6 p. m., will be just as good as ever, and the same jolly spirits will make good cheer.

At eight o'clock you will prepare to be entertained.

This committee upon entertainment very well knew that unless Mrs. Wm. Rogers Chapman made her appearance, as of yore, before the Fair night audience, the gloom that would settle upon the disappointed community would overwhelm every other would-be entertainer. It's dreadful to admit it, but the fact being faced, this committee prostrated itself at Mrs. Chapman's feet and besought her in mercy to revoke the decision she had made that she could not help us this year. The passionate appeal melted her kind heart to the degree of being fairly willing, to read selections from "The Kentucky Cinderella," and to recite "The dolly's funeral." Miss Purington and Miss Rand will play a duet, and we shall hear Miss Purington's contralto voice. Miss Elsie Weitz will, by special request, recite "Patsy," and will play a duet with Mrs. Gehring.

Mrs. Gehring will read one of Howells' new society farces, and there is a prospect of out-of-town talent being secured for further enjoyment.

Do we sound alluring? We sincerely hope and assure you, one and all, that Garland Chapel on Thursday afternoon and evening will be a merry and interesting place to visit.

A Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all the neighbors and friends of Bethel, Bryant Pond and South Woodstock, who so kindly assisted me and extended to me their tender sympathy during the terrible experience through which I have been called upon to pass, the sudden and sad death of my loving wife. I earnestly hope that in some way you all will be richly rewarded.

D. H. SPEARRIN.

T. F. FOSS & SONS

We have some choice bargains in

Toilet Sets

See them when you come to the city and be convinced that they are bargains

COR. CONGRESS & PREBLE STS.
PORTLAND

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Mrs. L. E. Leach is in Shelburne, N. H., this week.

E. A. Wyman is in town in the interest of the corn shop.

Get your supper to-morrow night at Garland Chapel.

Walter Lawrence was home from Rumford Falls, last week.

Mrs. M. A. Merrill is visiting her daughter, in Portland.

A. C. Farwell of York Beach, visited friends here last week.

A. R. Towne of Gilead, visited Mrs. B. K. Swift, during Reunion.

Miss Belle Dutton of Norway visited at S. I. French's, last week.

Mrs. A. R. Haynes and C. V. Martin of Auburn are visiting in town.

Miss Peabody, from Rockland, has been visiting at Mrs. W. H. Young's.

M. G. Burbank of New York is visiting his mother, Mrs. G. A. Burbank.

Robert Foster of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Meyer, last week.

Remember the Ladies' Club Fair to be held at Garland Chapel to-morrow.

Mr. Harry Carter who has been surveying since last May, returned home, Saturday.

Harry Nevers of Norway is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Herbert Young.

Mrs. John Coolidge and Mr. Lawrence Holt of Upton, visited Mrs. Jos. Holt last week.

Ice cream and cake will be on sale to-morrow afternoon and evening, at Garland Chapel.

Mrs. Maurice Bean, who has been visiting at Stoneham, returned home last Wednesday.

Mrs. S. W. True and Mrs. John Preston True and infant left town for Waban, Mass., Monday.

Mr. H. Sandhargen, who has been visiting his uncle, Mr. Heinrich Meyer, returned to New York, Friday.

Master Chester and Irwin Bean of Dorchester, Mass., have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Edmund Merrill.

J. T. Chapman of Berlin, N. H., was in town to attend the Reunion and remained to spend a few days to visit old friends.

Those who took food on plates from the tent Reunion day, are requested to leave the plates with Mrs. Hopkins at once.

Rev. W. B. Eldridge will supply the pulpit at the Union church, West Bethel, for Rev. Arthur Varley, during his absence.

Mrs. Dr. DeCosta and son Tom, Fred Record and Miss Bridgham, have been guests of H. C. Andrews, for the past week.

Miss M. M. Burnham of Lynn, Mass., is spending her vacation with her sisters, Miss E. E. Burnham, and Mrs. Eli Barker.

Mrs. Albert Foster and daughter Marion, of Charlestown, Mass., spent Monday and Tuesday of last week with Mrs. Jos. Holt.

Hon. W. W. Stetson, Dr. and Mrs. F. I. Brown, Misses Emma and Rilla Morse, were entertained during Reunion at J. M. Philbrook's.

The little granddaughter of Dr. True, daughter of Mr. John True, is named Natalie, as the nearest approach to Nathaniel which our language affords.

A postal received from Judge A. E. Herrick Monday, stated that Mrs. Herrick is improving rapidly and that they will start for home the first of September.

Virgil L. Wilson and wife of Dorchester, Mass., are visiting Mr. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram H. Wilson. Mr. Wilson is a prominent merchant in Dorchester.

Mr. Greenleaf Coffin, one of the oldest citizens of Berlin, N. H., died last Wednesday, at the age of 89 years. Mr. Coffin was born in Bethel, but for many years has resided in Berlin.

F. W. Crowell and Mrs. Henry W. Crowell of New York were at the Bethel House last Thursday with the first automobile that has ever been in Bethel. They came from the White Mountains.

Mr. John Preston True has another book nearly ready for the press. It will be illustrated by Mrs. True, whose beautiful illustrations in the "Iron Star" have attracted so much attention.

Mr. Harry E. Mason from Portland, made his old home a visit last week.

Miss Percie Foster of Newry, has been visiting at C. O. Foster's for a few days.

Mrs. True Estes and daughter, of Lynn, Mass., are visiting at R. E. L. Farwell's.

Mrs. Levi Greenleaf of Portland, daughter of Charles Mason, is visiting her old home.

J. F. Ellingwood and wife of Caribou, visited at Milton Penley's during the past week.

Miss Maud Davis is spending the week with Miss Hester Kimball, at her home in East Bethel.

Miss Fannie M. Mason and her sister, Mrs. Greenleaf, spent one day with Mrs. T. F. Hastings at Idylewilde, Songo Pond.

Moses Ingalls and daughter of Chicago, are visiting friends here. This is Mr. Ingalls, first visit to Bethel for fifty-five years.

Prof. M. C. Fernald and wife from Maine University, Orono, were guests at Charles Mason's during the Reunion of Gould's Academy.

M. D. Kneeland of Boston, Secretary of the New England Sabbath Protective League, is spending his summer vacation at J. D. George's at Locke Mills.

C. O. Foster and F. J. Tyler attended the meeting of the J. O. of A. M. at Locke Mills, last Friday evening; Mr. Foster installed the officers for the ensuing term.

Col. Edwards visited his old home in Otisfield last week. He found but one person in his old school district of seventy scholars, that was there when he lived there.

Miss May I. Foster of Chicago, and Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hammons of Anoka, Minn., arrived here last Thursday morning, and are visiting relatives in our village and at Newry.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Clough entertained Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Holt of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wing and son Ralph, of Boston; Mrs. Mary Clough Nevens of Boston, and Mrs. J. F. Ballard of Gilead, during Old Home Week.

Mrs. L. M. Goodwin and son Howard of Auburn; C. H. Sloan, wife and daughter Ethel of Shelton, Conn.; G. L. Sloan, wife and daughter Ruby, of Brockton, Mass.; W. S. Sloan, wife and daughter Leona, of Norway, are visiting F. G. Sloan in Albany.

The many touching and beautiful tributes to the memory of Dr. True at the Reunion were deeply appreciated by his family and by his Bethel pupils who did so much to make his last years the brighter by their loyal love and considerate attention.

We have secured the speeches made by some of the speakers and have also several other letters from absent friends which we can not use this week, owing to lack of space. They will appear in a future issue.

Many of the old students of Gould's Academy will remember Jas. A. Burns and will be pleased to know that he has attained rare distinction in literary work. He is the author of the Juxtalinear Translations Series of the Greek and Latin Classics. See advertisement in another column of this issue.

M. A. Hastings and wife of Lancaster, N. H., D. R. Hatsings, Auburn, J. D. Hastings, East Bethel, Mrs. W. A. Howe and Miss Agnes Howe of Waltham, Mass., Mrs. Adelaide Elliott, Mrs. Kate Blanchard, and Miss Luna Abbott of Rumford Point, and Warren Hastings of Lancaster, N. H., are at Idylwilde, Lake Songo.

Mr. M. A. Mason entertained Edmund Clark, Flushing, L. I., for "Old Home Week," and the following for the Reunion: Lincoln Dresser and wife of Andover, Mrs. Henry L. Hunt of Gray, Miss Helen Frost of Framingham, Mass., Robert S. Smith, Woodfords, G. F. Atherton, Misses Ethel Hastings and Bessie Searle, of Newry.

Charles H. Hastings of Chicago, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hastings, sailed for Europe, Saturday. He will go direct to Paris where he will spend two weeks in attendance at the Librarian Congress. He will then go to London where he will pursue the study of library methods, returning home the last of October.

Mrs. S. E. Abbott of Denver, Col., and Miss Morgan of Portland were entertained at Mr. Seth Walker's during the Reunion.

The 13th Maine Regiment Association will hold its reunion at Merrymeeting Park on Aug. 21. This will be a genuine old time occasion and it is hoped that all who can will attend.

The oldest person to attend the Reunion is said to be Mr. Alpheus Ballard of Upton. Mr. Ballard entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and was among those who contributed toward the fund.

Our people are pained to learn of the sudden death of Rev. F. W. Flood, former Principal of Gould's Academy. Mr. Flood since leaving Bethel, has graduated from the Andover, Mass. Theological Seminary and was supplying a pulpit at Dennis, Mass., at the time of his death. The cause of death has not been learned.

At the annual meeting and reunion of the 23d Maine Reg. Association Aug. 14, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Pres.—J. H. Barrows, Bethel.
Vice Pres.—H. L. Haskell, Auburn.
Sec.—F. H. Conant, Auburn.
Treas.—James White, Auburn.
Chap.—Rev. J. C. Snow, Haverhill, Mass.

REUNION NOTES.

Mrs. Mary J. Garland has presented to the Academy, in memory of her husband, the late Rev. David Garland, a valuable collection of books from his private library.

Beautiful flowers were received on Reunion day from Mrs. James W. Stevens (Molly Estes) of Freeport, and were given a prominent place in the evening decorations at Odeon Hall.

It is with regret that the many friends of Mrs. Kate Griffin Seguin of Fordham, N. Y., found that the Gould's Academy invitation failed to reach her. Mrs. Seguin will remain for a short time in Bethel.

The following telegram was received just before the guests were seated at the banquet:

Windsor, N. C., Aug. 9, 1900.
To Gould's Academy Reunion Com.
I am sitting in the annual reunion of the Confederate veterans, my neighbors and friends. God bless them and you!
STEPHEN B. KENNEY.

E. B. Goddard of the class of '40, expresses his regrets that he was not able to be present, owing to a temporary illness. Mr. Goddard, although 83 years of age, enjoys remarkably good health and is able to be at his place of business regularly. Mr. Goddard is still one of the boys and will be as long as life is spared to him.

The Gould's Academy Alumni Association was organized with the following officers:

Pres.—H. H. Hastings, Esq.
Vice Pres.—A. G. Wiley.
Sec.—Annie M. Frye.
Com. on Constitution and By-laws—F. B. Merrill, Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Susie B. Twitchell.

The committee is to report Sept. 10, 1900.

The many friends of Jose Bonau of Baez, Cuba, were pleased to meet him at the Reunion. He has spent his summer vacation with the Cuban teachers at Cambridge and is very pronounced in his expressions of appreciation of the hospitality with which they have been received. He has a warm place in his heart for "Old Gould's" and was among those to rally to her support at the call of Capt. R. B. Grover. Mr. Bonau will send his son here for study next month.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Perfectly Safe. Never fails. At any drug store. *

Commissioners' Notice.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1900, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Hannah J. Carr, late of Upton, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims, and that they will be in session at the following place and time for the purpose of receiving the same, viz:—at the office of Herrick & Park, Bethel, Me., at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday, December 17, 1900. 3w11

HOLLIS I. ABBOTT, } Commissioners.
EBEN S. KILBORN, }

Notice to the Taxpayers of Bethel.

All taxes assessed for the year 1899 not paid on or before the first of October next, will be advertised as the law requires.

3w11 H. H. BEAN, Collector.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the fall term of Gould's Academy will open Tuesday, Sept. 4th instead of Aug. 28th, as announced in the catalogue.

F. E. HANSCOM, Prin.

"My baby was terribly sick with the diarrhœa," says J. H. Doak, of Williams, Oregon. "We were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance, and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, A. S. Bean, W. Bethel; W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; A. S. Bean, W. Bethel; W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THIN HAIR



Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them to have thin hair.

One thing you may rely upon—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

makes the hair healthy and vigorous; makes it grow thick and long. It cures dandruff also.

It always restores color to gray hair,—all the dark, rich color of early life. There is no longer need of your looking old before your time.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"As a remedy for restoring color to the hair I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. I has always given me perfect satisfaction in every way."
Mrs. A. M. STREHL,
Aug. 18, 1898. Hammondsport, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

He will send you a book on The Hair and Scalp free, upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

F. A. Shurtleff & Co. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Cream of Rose and Almonds,

A Delicate Emollient for Daily Use,

Makes the skin smooth, soft and white, and preserves it from the action of drying winds, cold, and bright sunshine.

Try it and you will say it is the best Toilet Cream you ever used.

25 cents a bottle

AT THE UP-TO-DATE PHARMACY OF

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO., SOUTH PARIS, ME.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

F. A. Shurtleff & Co. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

..BLUE STORE..

A good stylish becoming hat adds more to the dressy appearance of a person than any other article of wearing apparel.

Our New Hats and Caps for Fall

are in. We are showing as good line as can be found in a city store, all the new shapes and colorings. You will find something to please you in our large assortment.

In our Custom TAILORING DEPARTMENT we are ready to make you a SUIT or pair of TROUSERS, and it will pay you to let us make them.

Our Low Price Sale of Summer Clothing

still continues, and we are selling BARGAINS.

Mail Orders receive our careful attention. Come and see us or let us hear from you.

F. H NOYES, NORWAY

It pays to buy at Foster's. It pays to buy at Foster's

Men's Balbriggan Underwear

Light weight, cool and comfortable, for this warm weather This underwear is made from fine Egyptian cotton, overlocked seams. Shirts and drawers trimmed with stout sateen, drawers with strong suspender straps, outlet in back of waist. Pearl buttons on shirts and drawers. The fit of this underwear gives certain comfort and the quality insures service. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

45 CENTS PER GARMENT

90 CENTS A SUIT

H. B. FOSTER,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME

It pays to buy at Foster's It pays to buy at Foster's